the ROHMER REVIEW

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NOTES
from the Editor

Once again we live up to our announced publishing schedule: irregular. This time two issues are being prepared in close succession. By the time this issue is in the mail, the camera copy for #14 will have been delivered to the printer. Readers whose subscriptions expire with the current issue might take note of the imminent appearance of the succeeding number.

In the past, as several readers have commented, we have avoided overtly humorous treatments of our chosen subject. We make up for this now, with an entire issue devoted to the lighter side of Fu Manchu. To begin, we have Ron Goulart's parody "The Hands of Dr. Insidious", reprinted from the short-lived sf/fantasy magazine, *Gamma*. Ron is one of the more prolific of contemporary writers of science fiction and mystery fiction, both humorous and straight, as well as super-hero adventure and nostalgic commentary. Sample titles currently in print: (hardcover) *NUTZENBOLTS & MORE TROUBLES WITH MACHINES* (Macmillan), *ODD JOB 101* (Scribners); (paperback) *SPACEHAWK, INC.* (DAW Books), *THE CHAMELEON CORPS* (Collier), *WHAT'S BECOME OF SCREWLOOSE?* (DAW Books). In addition to a couple of dozen additional novels and story collections under his own name, Ron has hidden behind more than one of the bylines on current paperback series of "super-hero" novels based on pulp magazine or comic strip characters. At least four of his detective short stories have been included in the *BEST DETECTIVE STORIES OF THE YEAR* anthologies published by E. P. Dutton, and one of his science fiction novels, *AFTER THINGS FELL APART* (Ace 1970) was nominated for an "Edgar" award by the Mystery Writers of America. [See this issue's "Book News" for information on Ron's latest book.]

Another style of Fu Manchu parody is provided by Jack Gaughan's "Fu Chin Chow", the like of which you have never seen before. Jack is one of the best known illustrators of science fiction and fantasy, with dozens of book jackets and paperback covers to his credit (including the cover for the Pyramid reprint of *PRESIDENT FU MANCHU*); he is also a successful portrait painter. For three years in a row he won the "Hugo" award of the World Science Fiction Convention as best professional artist in the field. In 1967 the annual convention was held in New York City. In addition to the usual "progress reports" preceding the convention, that year's chairmen published a series of slim comic booklets with the title *NyCon Comics*. These

[continued on page 7]

THE HAND OF DR. INSIDIOUS

by Ron Goulart

NOTE: *I am pleased to acknowledge that I came in first in the recent competition to select the logical successor to Rex Sommers, immortal master of science-fantasy and international intrigue. It is an honor to be chosen to write these further adventures of Mr. Sommers' famous characters. I hope the millions who have read and loved* The Drums of Dr. Insidious, The Mask of Dr. Insidious *and* Insidious for President *will find something to their liking in these new adventures.*

Chapter One: *Summons Out Of the Smog*

A palpable miasma of evil shrouded the more fashionable parts of Beverly Hills and eye irritation was at an alarming level as the hour crept nearer midnight. It has long been my custom to enjoy an ice cream bar before retiring and so I was on that fateful night listening intently for the jocund bells of the Good Humor wagon on its last run. But all sound from the outside world had become muffled that night and no note of gayety reached me in my Beverly Hills lair.

In the expectant hush nearby sounds seemed magnified indeed. It was for this reason that I heard the unmistakable sound of a tarantula tiptoeing across the patio toward me. I must explain that I am one of Hollywood's leading plastic surgeons and I often sit beside my nose-shaped pool and sketch ideas for new faces. It was thus that I was occupied on that fearful near-midnight night when I heard the telltale sound of a poisonous spider creeping closer.

Very cautiously I inched my hand toward the pocket of my smoking jacket wherein I kept a few spare scalpels. Even as I, bathed in chill perspiration, inched my sinewy fingers nearer to the pocket I heard the unmistakable sound of the tarantula crouching to spring. I took a long careful breath, well believing it might be my last.

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"Sit easy, old man," hissed a familiar voice and then I heard the unmistakable sound of a silencer.

Turning, I found myself face to face with the cleverest undercover agent in the world, the well-known Ian Naismith. A giant of a man, tanned a rich cocoa brown, Naismith was such a crack spy that he worked not for one country but for all the larger Western powers. Three months for America, three for Great Britain and so on, with two weeks off in July for fishing and recreation. "Naismith," I exclaimed. "That was a near thing."

"Yes," he replied, kicking the dead spider with an impressively shoed toe. "Big devil, wasn't he?"

Now that I noticed it, the spider was nearly two feet in diameter. "No wonder he had such a heavy tread."

"Only one man on this earth keeps spiders of such grotesque proportions," said my secret agent friend.

"I believe I can guess to whom you refer," I said, shuddering uncontrollably. "You allude to the man who, in poll after poll, comes out on top for the title of world's evilest villain. You are speaking of that man with the jade green eyes of a sinister cat, the high intellectual brow of a twisted Shakespeare, the moustache of an excessive Dali, the nose of a ..."

"I mean the one and only Dr. Insidious," interjected Naismith, looking uneasily around him.

"That's who I meant, too," I said, somewhat crestfallen that I hadn't been allowed to catalogue the rest of that master fiend's features. "Speaking of Dr. Insidious, by the way. I thought that radioactive fungus of his gobbled you up in Macao last fall." Indeed, now that I considered it, I was stunned to see old Naismith alive and in fighting trim.

"I was fortunate enough to have time to dress up my bedding to resemble me," said Naismith.

"No bedding could have your savoir faire," I said, good-naturedly. "Come inside now and let's have an eggnog. I would suggest we split a pint of our favorite ice cream or sherbet but the Good Humor man is much overdue."

Naismith took my arm in his steel-like grip and hurried me within. "The Good Humor man will not call tonight," he said. "He was one of our boys, known fondly around secret agent circles as 007. Dr. Insidious used his new fiendish heat-ray on the poor beggar just a few scant moments ago."

"Oh," I said. "I had wondered why I had not heard the bells of the truck."

My friend shaded his metallic eyes for a second. "It was unpleasant. Poor 007 spreadeagled there in seventy-three quarts of melted ice cream."

"What was tonight's special flavor, by the way?"

"Banana nut."

"I was rather hoping for strawberry whirl. Well, we have important work afoot, do we not, Naismith?"

"Once again, Phoebus, you are only too correct."

My name is Dr. Maxwell Phoebus, Jr., for those of you who are new to the series. "I simply deduced, Naismith, that Dr. Insidious does not send out giant tarantulas for the mere sport of it."

"You don't know what he did to the St. Marylebone Waifs Home picnic," said Naismith, making a fist. "I tell you, Phoebus, that man is a constant source of irritation to me. His latest all-encompassing scheme is the most sinister and terrifying to date."

"Tell me," I encouraged.

Lighting his old familiar briar, Naismith flexed the muscles of his formidable chin and replied, "Dr. Insidious has taken a home in Beverly Hills."

I scoffed. "Come now, Naismith. They have zoning laws in this part of the country, you know."

"He bought the house through an agent," replied Naismith. "He even intends to send his daughter to one of the finest schools in the Greater Los Angeles area."

"The Daughter of Dr. Insidious?" I was stunned. We had met that singularly evil girl two novels back and the loathesome memory of her lingered yet like the palpable miasma of a decadent unspeakableness. "This younger generation, Naismith, what is it coming to?"

"The apple never falls afar from the tree, Phoebus."

"Beg pardon?"

"Like father, like daughter."

"Oh, yes, I see," I answered, straining to keep up with his chain lightning mind. "But you have not yet told me, Naismith, why it is that Dr. Insidious has come to Hollywood."

"He is," said Naismith, "going to open a talent agency."

I fainted.

Chapter Two: *The Agent's Kiss*

I came to with the odor of cinnamon strong in my nostrils.

"Drink this, old man," said Naismith, proffering a healthful-looking eggnog, made as only his internationally skilled hands could make it.

"You must have been making a cruel joke," I said. "You can't seriously mean that Dr. Insidious is going into the talent agency business."

"Phoebus," said Naismith, his voice a harsh controlled ironlike whisper, "he will be bigger than the pre-chastised MCA, bigger than General Artists Corporation. Already plans are in motion for the Dr. Insidious talent agency to take over every major talent in Hollywood. He intends to form Insidious-Mirisch Pictures and eventually assimilate all other film companies. Then he will create the Insidious Broadcasting Company and finally Batten, Barton, Durstine and Insidious."

I stammered. "In that way he will control our minds, our lives,

our destinies."

"Such is his intention."

"Now, Naismith, can even the all-powerful Dr. Insidious make the greats and near-greats of the show-business capital do his bidding?"

"Four of our best men perished trying to learn the answer to the question you have just asked."

"Let me withdraw the question."

"No. I vow that 003, 005, 006, and 007 shall not have perished in vain."

"What of 004?"

"He is now an associate producer with Insidious Pictures."

"And what then is Dr. Insidious' secret?"

"All that we know," barked my friend, "is that the sinister new thing Dr. Insidious has devised to conquer Hollywood is called ...*The Agent's Kiss*."

"The Agent's Kiss? What is it? A drug, a ray, a new sinister germ?"

Naismith shook his handsome head. "We know no more."

"An effort to penetrate Dr. Insidious' defences, to get within his walls, seems in order. Am I right, Naismith?"

Naismith chuckled. "Exactly, which is where you come into the picture, Phoebus. You see, for all his infinite command of diabolical cleverness, Dr. Insidious is not the show business expert he thinks he is. You are going to use your wonderful gift as a plastic surgeon to make us over to temporarily resemble two big name actors."

"What two actors?"

"Two who are no longer about," replied the suave secret agent. "I'm gambling that Dr. Insidious won't be aware of it. I'll pose as Clark Gable. You will become, for the sake of your country and possibly the whole free world, Wallace Beery."

I hesitated. Just then there was the unmistakable sound of a phone ringing. I unpronged the receiver and spoke into the mouthpiece, little dreaming what lay in store for me. "Hello?"

"Dr. Maxwell Phoebus, Jr.?" asked an operator with a soft throaty voice.

"Yes," I replied. There was something naggingly familiar about that voice.

"I have a long distance call for you from Washington, D.C. Stand by."

What I heard next stunned me.

Chapter Three: *A Familiar Voice*

"But the President of the United States," I said to Naismith after I had humbly hung up from my recent telephone conversation.

"Yes," said my friend. "I'm afraid he now works for Dr. Insidious. What is worse, that villain takes ten percent of the President's salary as an agent's fee."

"What does he hope to accomplish?"

"Besides complete political control of our nation, Dr. Insidious wants the President to cut three comedy albums."

"The fiend. That's in questionable taste," I observed. "Say, though, if our President is now a dupe of Dr. Insidious, it would explain why he invited me to that sneak preview at Grauman's Chinese tomorrow night."

"Dr. Insidious has ordered him to fly here for the opening, and at that premiere Dr. Insidious' play to gain control of our entire entertainment industry will no doubt be made."

"I forgot to ask the name of the movie."

"It makes little difference."

"You know something, Naismith," I said reflectively, "there was something unmistakably familiar about the voice of the phone operator just now."

"Yes, it was more than likely Charisma herself."

I regret to report that I fainted again, and it took two expertly mixed egg nogs to revive me this time. "Charisma?" I moaned when I was myself again.

"Forgive me, old man, for breaking it to you this way. The girl is alive and did not perish when the Orient Express was derailed late last year."

"I believed that Charisma, dupe that she was, was dead. I even broke down and sent flowers to that fiend, Dr. Insidious."

"Charisma didn't become Dr. Insidious' right hand by being foolish. She merely dressed up her bedding to resemble her and slipped out of her compartment window."

"I know the FBI and the CIA can't understand this," I said feebly. "In fact, I've had to explain it to three separate Senate committees. The fact remains, Naismith, that I deeply and sincerely love that woman, Charisma."

"She is the symbol of all that is dangerous and unwholesome in the opposite gender," said my friend. "Yet I understand how you feel."

"She has such lovely ankles."

Quite suddenly my servant, the trusted valet who had been with me since that unfortunate business in Amenhotep's tomb, rushed into the room. "Quickly, sir, there is little time," cried Assagai, brandishing a large coil of rope. "You and the good Mr. Tuan Naismith must tie selves to your chairs at once."

"Whatever for, Assagai?" I asked curiously.

"Beverly Hills is about to slide into the Pacific Ocean. Hurry." He advanced and made ready to fasten me to my lounging chair.

"Wait now, Assagai." I pointed out, "We are several miles from the ocean."

"So! You see through my little ruse," he sneered, leaping back and drawing a wicked knife from the folds of his white jacket. "Then I must take more desperate measures."

"Assagai. My devoted servant turning against me."

"Silence, foolish master," he jeered. "I am now a member in good standing of the Santa Monica chapter of the assassins brotherhood."

"That's disloyal."

"Well, I joined on my day off." He tensed, ready to spring at us with his deadly knife. He never had the chance.

For the clever Naismith, while pretending to fill his pipe, had drawn his silenced pistol. "Duck, Phoebus," cried out Naismith as he quietly filled my until recently loyal servant with bullets.

I shook my head sadly. "This has been a night of surprises."

Chapter Four: *The Sinister Premiere*

In our impenetrable disguises as two Hollywood notables Naismith and I were, the next evening, stationed in front of the world-famed Grauman's Chinese Theater, signing autographs for the eager cheering throngs of onlookers.

Naismith nudged me suddenly with one of his steel-like elbows. "See this now, Phoebus." He held an autograph album for my inspection.

I gasped. On the page opposite to that upon which Naismith was about to sign was this inscription: "Best wishes to Bobbie, from Dr. Insidious." I clutched the eager teenage owner of the album by her slender sweater-clad elbows and demanded, "The man who gave you this autograph. What did he look like?"

The pretty youngster chewed her gum ruminatively and replied, "He had the jade green eyes of a sinister cat, the high intellectual brow of a twisted Shakespeare, the moustache of ... "

Naismith cut in with, "Inside at once, Phoebus."

Leaving behind a throng of disappointed cinema fanciers, we rushed hurriedly inside.

The huge ornate theater, though seemingly filled with all the famous of Hollywood, was strangely silent. "Not a particularly outgoing bunch, these show business luminaries," I observed as we crept down a darkened theater aisle.

"Look more closely," chided Naismith.

"Good Lord." The whole vast place was filled not with living, breathing Hollywood celebrities, but with dummies cleverly wrought from bedding dressed up in fashionable clothes.

Behind us now there began the unmistakable sound of a motion picture projector, whirring. Then upon the enormous screen flashed the old familiar face of our adversary. "So very clever, Naismith, to try to pull a childish trick and lure me into a trap," intoned the evil doctor. "However, if you look about you even more closely you will see that you are not in Grauman's Chinese Theater at all but in an ingeniously made duplicate that certain of my minions substituted for it early this morning while you and your secret agent cronies slept."

"He's guyed us sure enough," I gasped.

The doctor continued gloatingly. "Naismith, you and your fawning follower, the clumsy Dr. Phoebus, are in reality in one of my years-ahead experimental rocket ships. In less than two minutes the entire thing will take off for a remote spot in the galaxy, and that will be fine for your meddling."

"A rocket ship shaped like Grauman's Chinese," I said. "You have to hand it to the man, Naismith."

"Ah, but watch this now," whispered Naismith.

Even as he spoke I saw that something was going wrong with the film of Dr. Insidious. The good doctor was casting basilisk-like glances off screen. Suddenly a voice cried, "Cut!" and five FBI men, two CIA agents and a selection of Los Angeles' finest burst into the hidden studio where Dr. Insidious had been filming.

"This all happened five hours ago," explained Naismith. "I let his hirelings go ahead with this little masquerade tonight and run the film, which they thought a complete message from their master, in order to trap them."

"We've made Dr. Insidious look the fool right enough," I observed with a smile.

"Exactly," replied Naismith, selecting a comfortable lounge chair to relax in.

"The only problem," I reflected, "is who was it then who signed that autograph book outside."

Naismith straightened. "Phoebus, I had completely forgotten that occurrence."

Over a loudspeaker drifted the words, "Five, four, three, two, one." Then with a mighty roar the entire theater rose into the air.

"He's put one over on us," I had to admit.

Naismith nodded ruefully as we climbed higher and higher above the Earth. "We may be bound for the outer reaches of the galaxy, Phoebus," he said. "But at least we have saved Hollywood."

As it turned out, which you will learn in a later novel, Naismith was wrong about that, too.

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NOTES from the Editor [continued from inside front cover]

were distributed free to convention members. All issues were written and drawn by Jack Gaughan. The first four contained a humorous continued story depending heavily on sf and fannish references. Number 5, however, was devoted entirely to "Fu Chin Chow", and it is from this source that our reprint is taken.

In issue #14 things will be back to "normal", at least for a while. (There are more humorous items in the files, and sooner or later the temptation to publish them will become irresistable.) The Bibliographica Rohmeriana department will be back, and we will continue the series of articles on radio adaptations of Rohmer's work.

A Curious Interview

by James Wade

The following text, typed on pulp paper and marked with journalist's symbols, was unearthed in sorting the jumbled contents of four stuffed filing drawers after a recent move.

A distinguished visitor to Korea who declined to give his name arrived at Kimpo airport yesterday and, when cornered in the men's room, agreed to give an exclusive interview to *The Korea Times*. Noticing many peculiar pieces of laboratory apparatus, as well as a few carefully hooded cages, among the traveller's luggage, this reporter inferred that the visitor was a distinguished scientist, probably travelling incognito on some research or advisory mission.

Our first question was, "Why have you come to Korea, Doctor?"

Hunching his wide, sharp shoulders and squinting from behind heavy dark glasses that concealed all but a slight emerald glitter of his eyes, the traveller answered:

"There are many reasons. One of my rank has numerous responsibilities, and knows well the repercussions that ensue from evading or ignoring them. Korea is part of the Eastern Empire, and an emissary to prepare for the Rebirth in Flame will find his work cut out for him."

We noticed that the speaker's voice was alternately guttural and sibilant, and that he had a brow like Shakespeare and eyes like Satan.

Next we asked, "Do you care to give your views on the Vietnam situation?"

"Ho Chi-minh is a clever if superficial man. His plans have been carefully laid, but he has reckoned without the Si-Fan. This is a fatal error.

"The jungles of Vietnam are already teeming with my messengers and, shall we say, pets? What chance will the Viet Cong have when they encounter my deadly walking mushrooms? When pursued by the man-eating chocolate-flavored centipede?

"Do not infer from this that I support the bungler Ky, or that lackey of Bostonian Brahminism, Cabot Lodge. What my position in these political matters may be is something that both Washington and Moscow, not to speak of Angkor Wat, would give much to know. But I may drop a hint: Why did the glamorous and influential Mme. Nhu appear on the Vietnamese scene at precisely the time my daughter Fah Lo Suee closed her hypnotism and frottage parlor in Afghanistan? Why did Liz Taylor and Ed Wynn---but I digress!"

Fascinated by these whispered hints and fantastic innuendoes, we sought further enlightenment. "What do you think of Korean

economic progress?"

"Kim Chong-pil is a clever man, but a man who reckons without my aims in view reckons in vain. The Second Five-Year Plan is doomed to failure unless the Korean CIA seeks the advice of the Council of Seven. At first glance, I recommend scrapping of the grain increase program and concentration of full production resources on mini-skirts and houseplants for export to Africa, where the shadow of the Brilliant Phoenix hangs over the nascent sheikdoms of Kuwait and Kuwhoo, whose leaders, clever men though they may think themselves, are still not immune to the silken noose of the strangler or the lilac-scented venom of the transistorized tarantula."

"What do you think of the Beatles?"

"They are clever young men, but their efforts will be in vain unless they consult the League of Hidden Seekers. My agents wait restless and repulsive in every abattoir and atelier of Europe. My Burmese dacoits control every washroom from Istanbul to Cape Verde, and the wiles of my houris, diamond-navelled and double-jointed, hold in thrall the souls of men far more puissant than that bungler Profumo or the anal-sadist McNamara. My streets and byways are one with your guarded threshold, and the nightmare that stalks in darkness prepares to erupt in the full midday of the Sunrise of the Orient... "

"Hey, buddy, you forget something?"

The slangy English phrase by the breezy Korean customs guard interrupted the tirade of the Doctor, which had been rapidly rising to a pitch of febrile hysteria. Slouching into the rather unkempt airport washroom, the guard set down in front of the mysterious visitor a cage containing a tiny marmoset of Tibetan breed.

"Peko! My darling Peko! I almost lost you! Oh, I could never have forgiven myself if through careless negligence, engendered by the multitudinous preoccupations associated with my world destiny, I had... "

The rest of the rather elaborate sentence was muffled in throaty mumbling as the trench-coated and sunglassed form of the diabolical Doctor slumped to the floor and embraced the ugly, grimacing monkey. We left the reunited friends thus, retreating rather precipitately as we thought we glimpsed in the far corner by the urinal a scuttling shape that might have been a giant centipede escaped from the Doctor's luggage.

On the other hand, you're apt to find almost anything in the washroom at Kimpo any time... .

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A few words of background. The above piece, a short mock-interview with the Devil Doctor on the occasion of his supposed arrival in Korea, was dashed off in idle hours when I was copy editor of The Korea Times *in Seoul during 1964-67. The copy editor (and his sometime assistant) is the only foreigner on the regular staff, but the*

Korean reporters---most of whom are literature majors rather than journalism graduates---are pretty sharp guys. (My editor of that period is now a vice-minister in the Cabinet, and I have followed him over into government work.) Thus when the Fu Manchu paperbacks began to come out, I showed them to a few Times staffers who would be likely to get amusement from the more extravagant passages without taking offense at the anti-Orientalism.

A running joke around the office was to try to get some hoax story past the eye of an editor and as close to being printed as possible before killing it---a dangerous form of Russian roulette, considering the outrageous nature of some of the hoaxes, and the rigid, humorless censorship always implicitly (now explicitly) in force in Korea. There was no chance of my Fu interview getting that far, unless it was simply not read at all by the editor; but I did hand it in to one of the staff who had read some of the Fu Manchu books, or parts of them. That is why it was typed on pulp paper and marked with the journalistic symbols, including "MUST", just like any other story turned in by a reporter that was considered urgent.

Needless to say, it didn't impress that editor back in 1966 or so, and didn't get any further. Until now.

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OR (FOR THOSE WHO REMEMBER SUCH THINGS)
"I SIT AND GOBBLE UP THE CAKE OF DAY"

by Jack Gaughan

First published in *NyCon Comics* No. 5, 1967.
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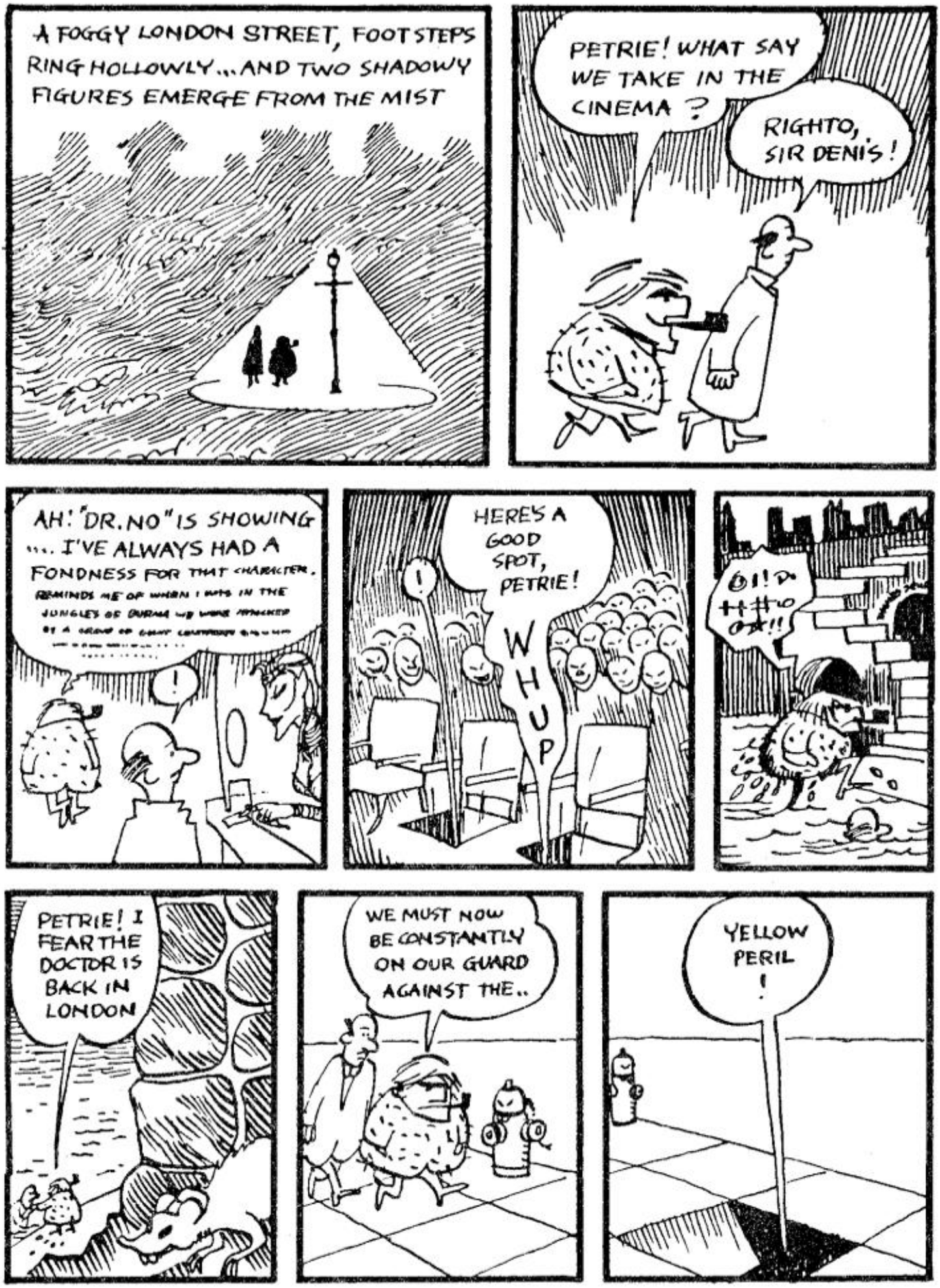
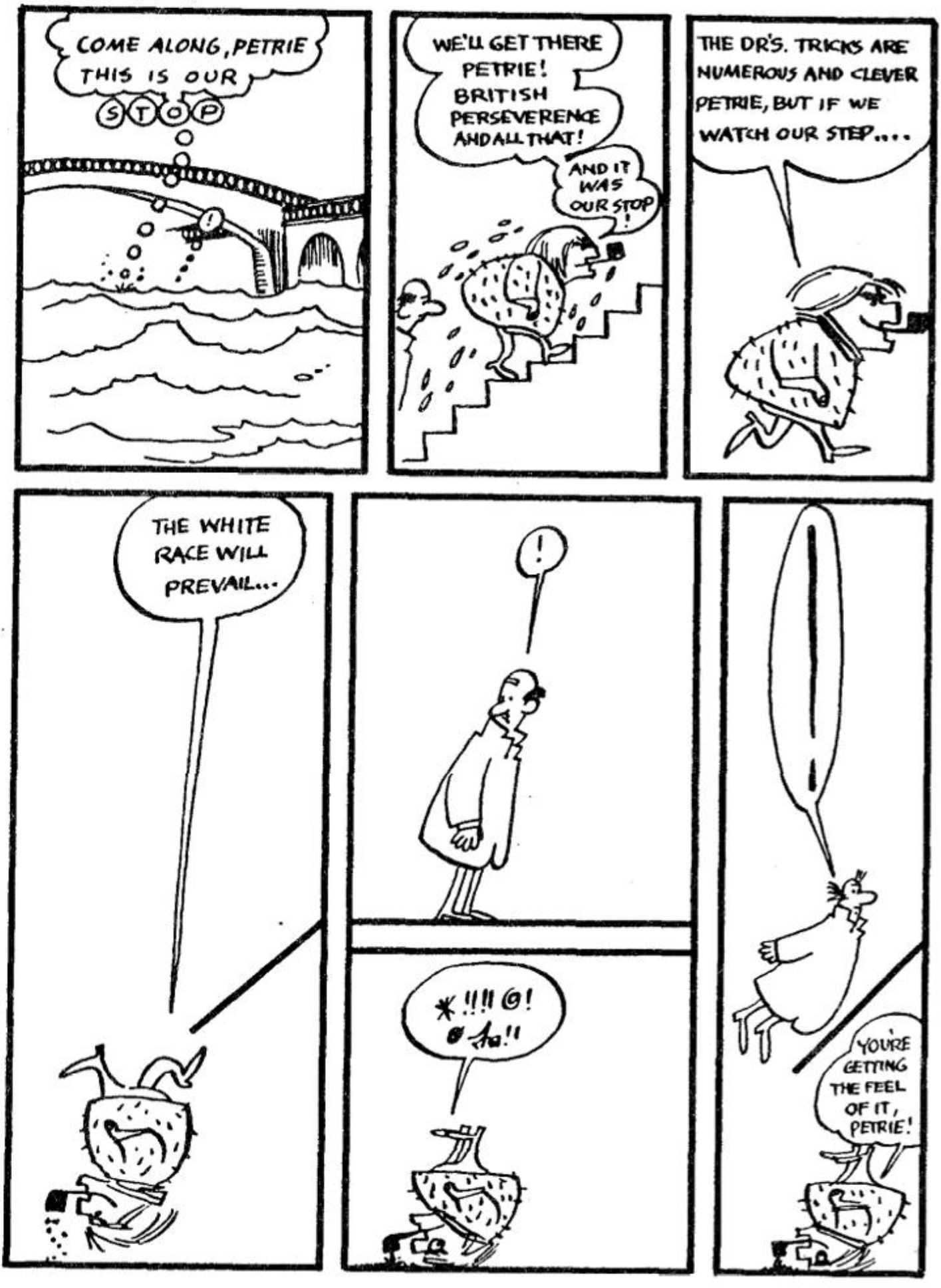
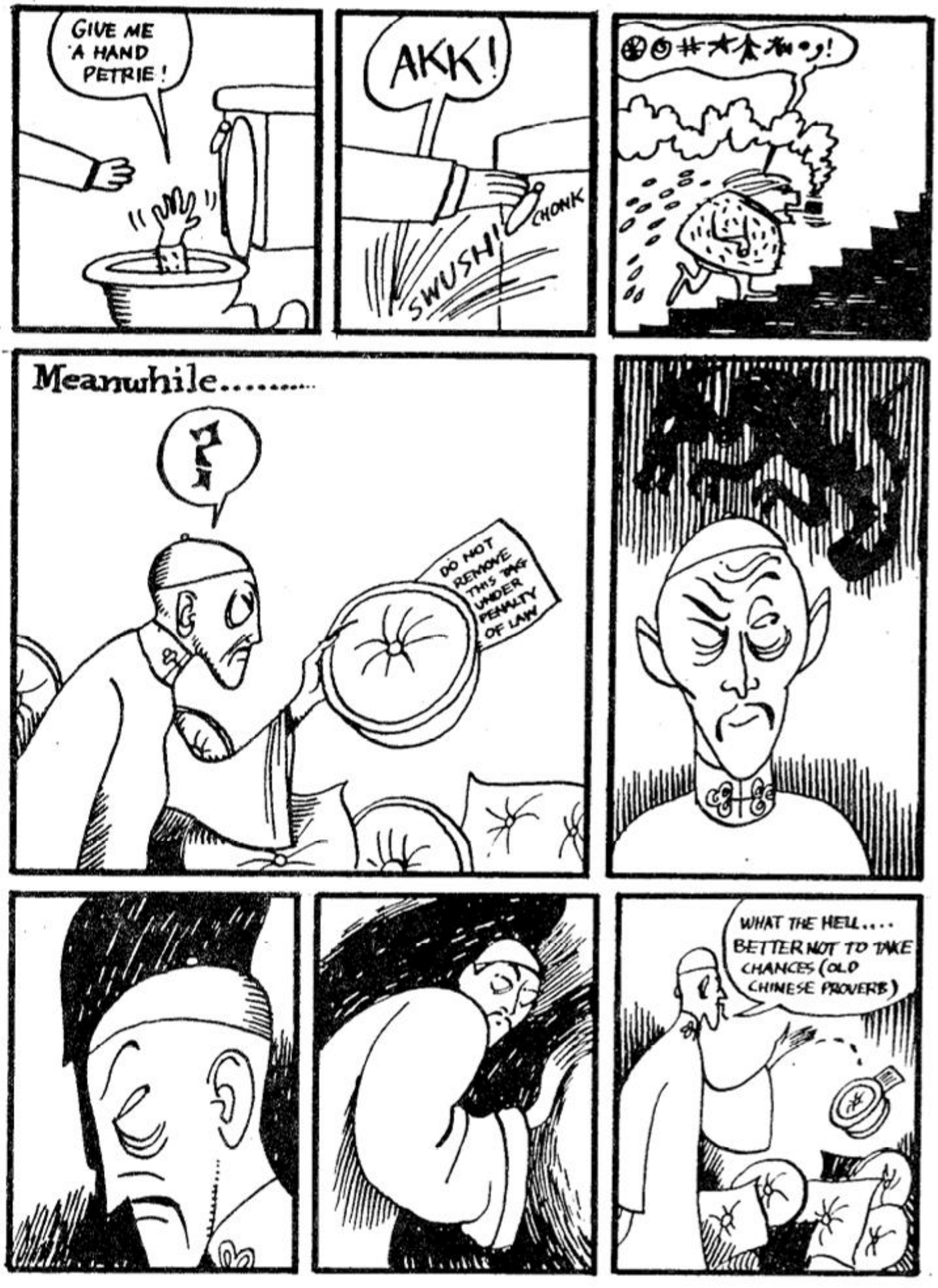
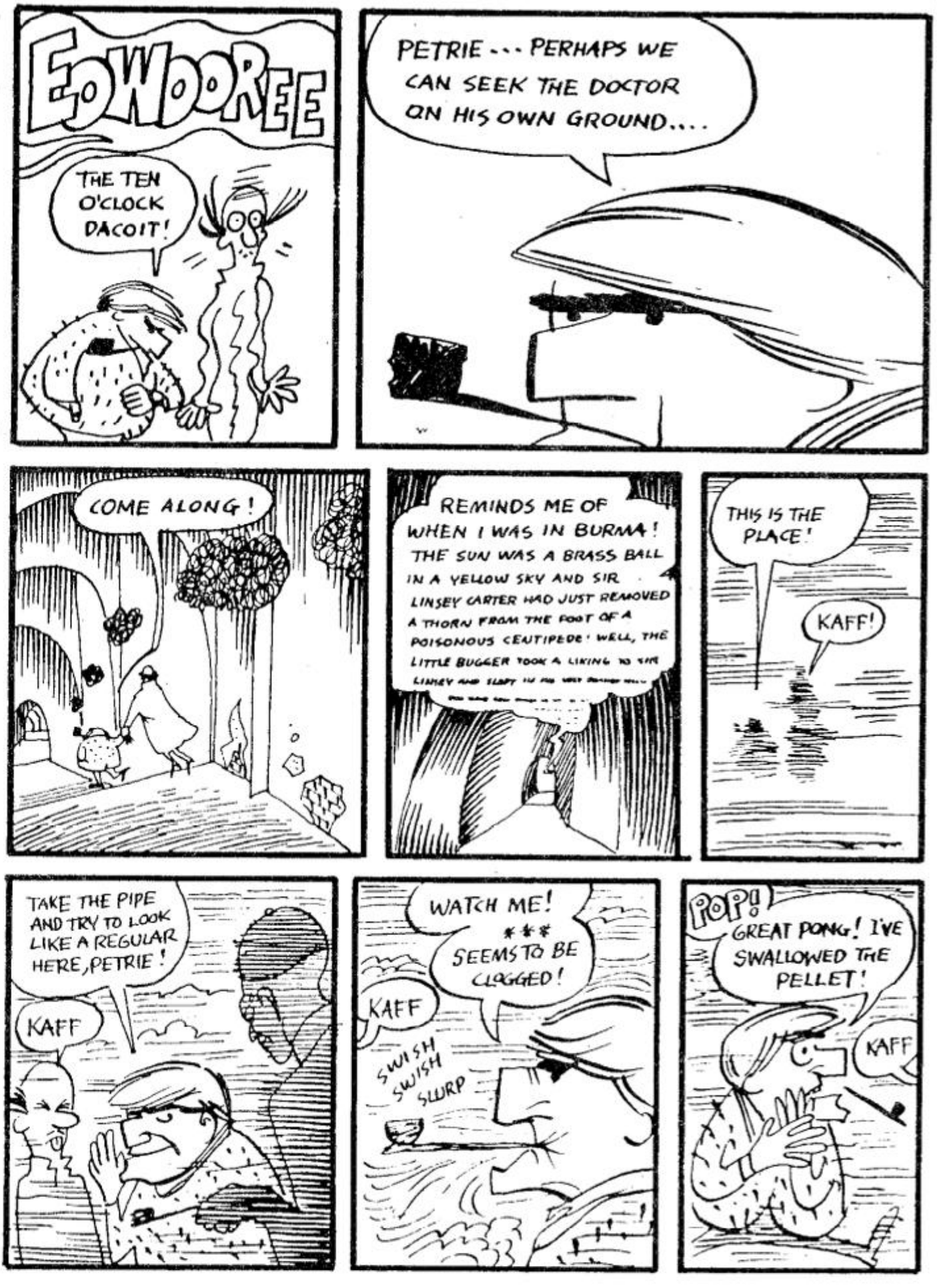

A FOGGY LONDON STREET, FOOTSTEPS RING HOLLOWLY... AND TWO SHADOWY FIGURES EMERGE FROM THE MIST
PETRIE! WHAT SAY WE TAKE IN THE CINEMA ?
RIGHTO, SIR DENIS!
AH! "DR. NO" IS SHOWING .... I'VE ALWAYS HAD A FONDNESS FOR THAT CHARACTER. REMINDS ME OF WHEN I WAS IN THE JUNGLES OF BURMA WE WERE ATTACKED BY A GROUP OF GIANT
HERE'S A GOOD SPOT, PETRIE!
WHUP
PETRIE! I FEAR THE DOCTOR IS BACK IN LONDON
WE MUST NOW BE CONSTANTLY ON OUR GUARD AGAINST THE..
YELLOW PERIL !

THIS ERASES ALL DOUBT!
THE DR'S. FINE HAND IS UNMISTAKABLE!
PRAT!
WE'LL GO BACK TO THE APARTMENT, PETRIE, WHILE I CONSIDER WHAT STEPS TO..TAKE..
TO COMBAT THE YELLOW MENACE OF DR....
FU CHIN CHOW
WE'LL MAKE IT THIS TIME, PETRIE! NOT EVEN FU CHIN CHOW CAN TAMPER WITH...
..THE IMPERTURBABLE LONDON....
...UNDERGROUND!

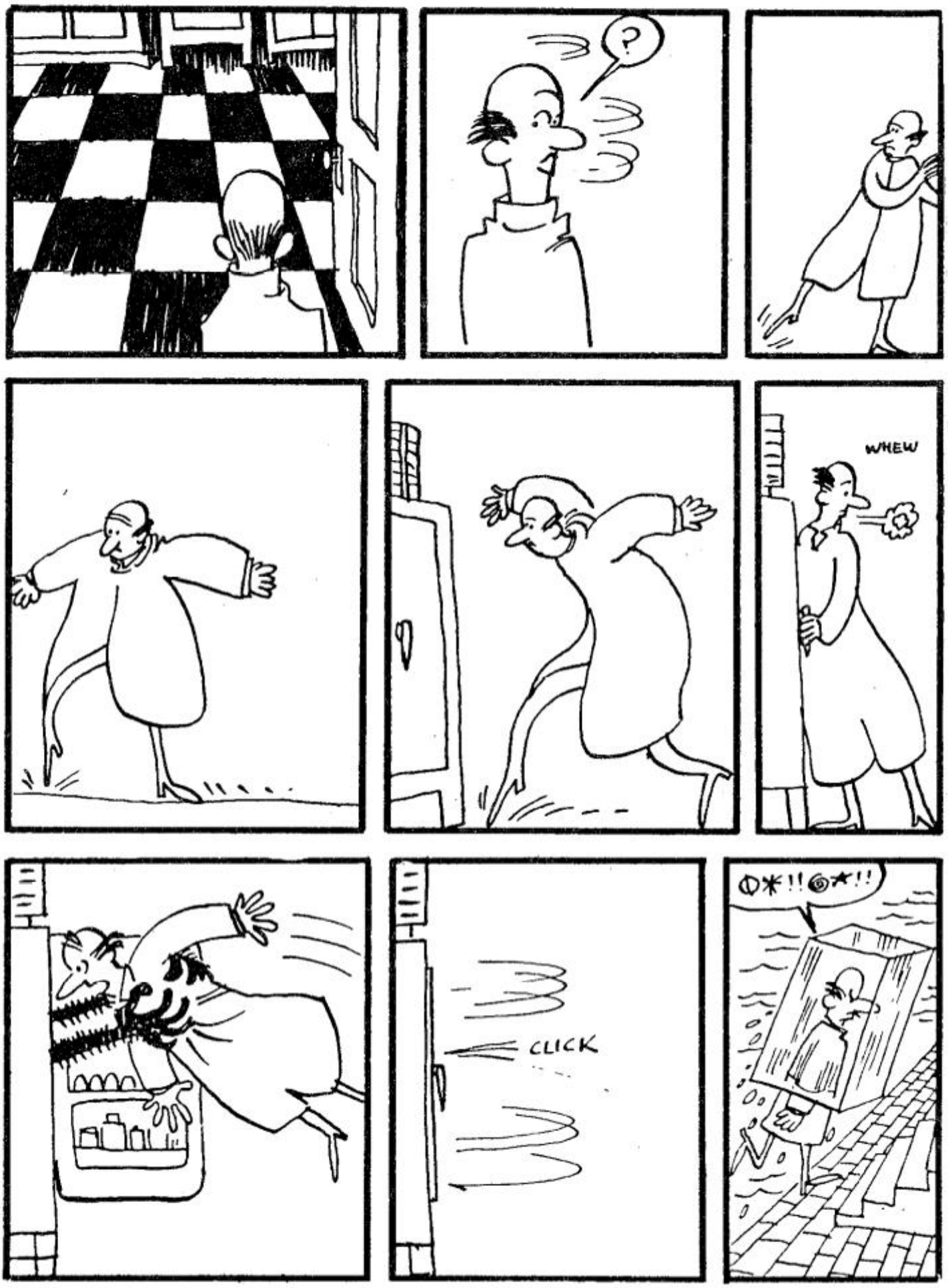

COME ALONG, PETRIE THIS IS OUR STOP
WE'LL GET THERE PETRIE! BRITISH PERSEVERENCE AND ALL THAT!
AND IT WAS OUR STOP!
THE DR'S. TRICKS ARE NUMEROUS AND CLEVER PETRIE, BUT IF WE WATCH OUR STEP....
THE WHITE RACE WILL PREVAIL...
!
*!!!@!
YOU'RE GETTING THE FEEL OF IT, PETRIE!

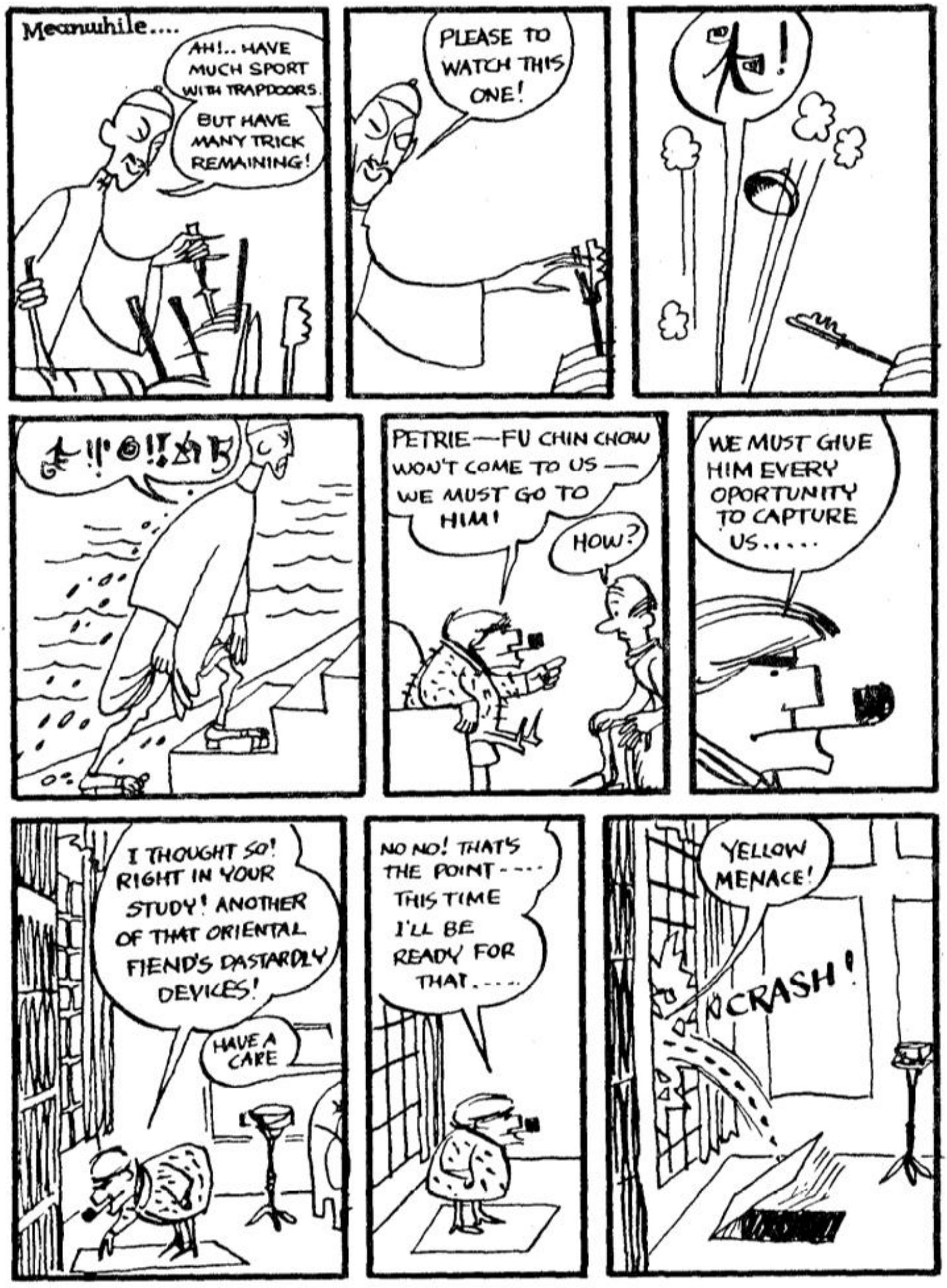
THIS HAPPENS TO BE THE BASEMENT OF YOUR HOUSE PETRIE. LETS GO UP TO YOUR ROOMS, OPEN THE WINDOW AND TURN OFF THE LIGHTS!
?
NOW BEGINS THE LONG VIGIL, PETRIE!
PETRIE!
!
THE WINDOW!
?
IS YOUR SHADE ASLANT?
?
CHONK
THE TREACHEROUS YELLOW FIEND!
!
WAIT HERE, PETRIE. I'LL GO WASH UP BEFORE DINNER!
PETRIE, KEEP THIS IN MIND.....
AWK!
?
...THE INGENUITY OF FU CHINCHOW KNOWS NO BOUNDS!

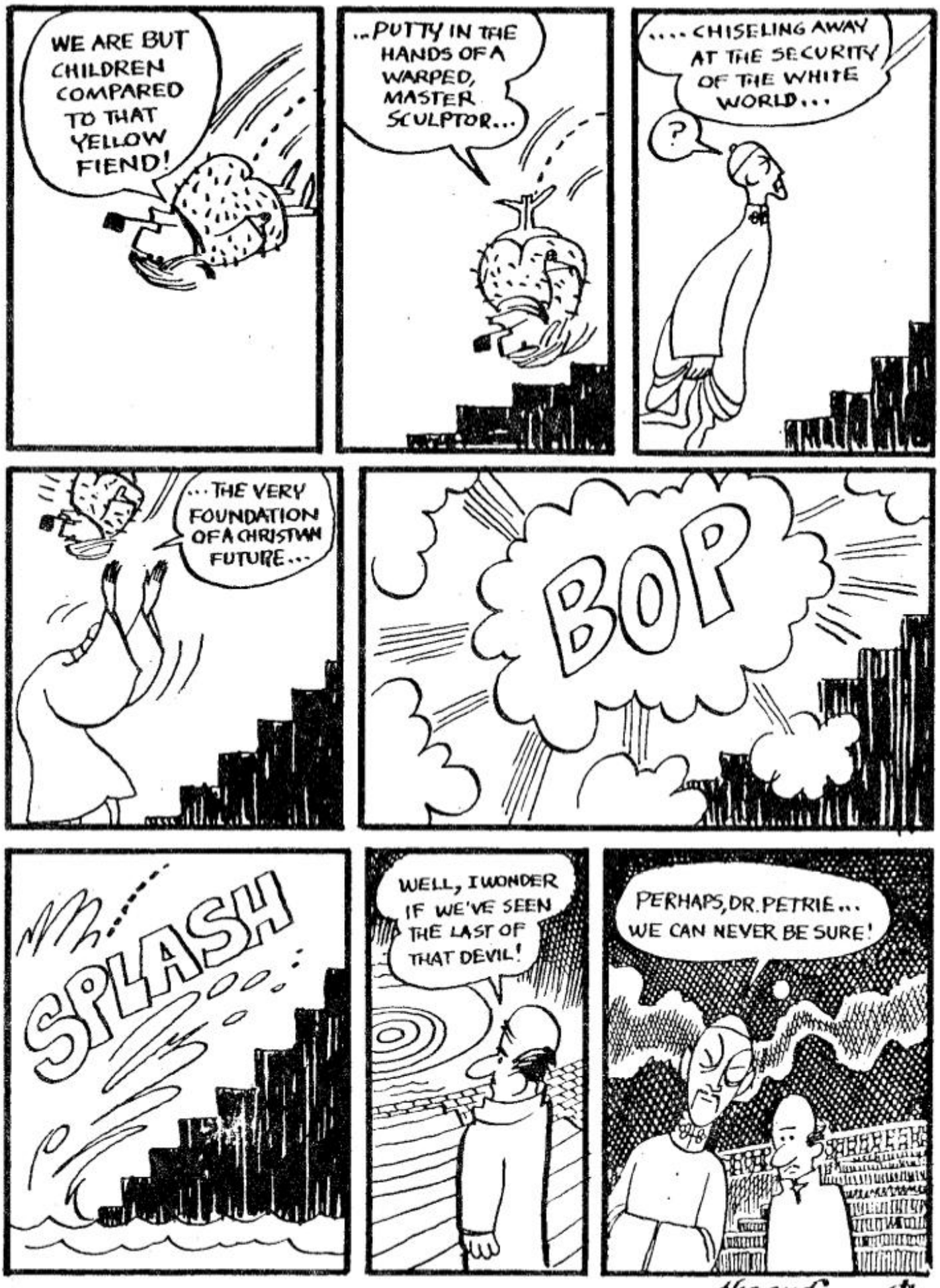

GIVE ME A HAND PETRIE!
AKK!
SWUSH!
CHONK
Meanwhile.....
?
DO NOT REMOVE THIS TAG UNDER PENALTY OF LAW
WHAT THE HELL.... BETTER NOT TO TAKE CHANCES (OLD CHINESE PROVERB)


EOWOOREE
THE TEN O'CLOCK DACOIT!
PETRIE ... PERHAPS WE CAN SEEK THE DOCTOR ON HIS OWN GROUND....
COME ALONG!
REMINDS ME OF WHEN I WAS IN BURMA! THE SUN WAS A BRASS BALL IN A YELLOW SKY AND SIR LINSEY CARTER HAD JUST REMOVED A THORN FROM THE FOOT OF A POISONOUS CENTIPEDE! WELL, THE LITTLE BUGGER TOOK A LIKING TO SIR LINSEY AND SLEPT IN
THIS IS THE PLACE!
KAFF!
TAKE THE PIPE AND TRY TO LOOK LIKE A REGULAR HERE, PETRIE!
KAFF
WATCH ME!
SEEMS TO BE CLOGGED!
KAFF
SWISH SWISH SLURP
POP!
GREAT PONG! I'VE SWALLOWED THE PELLET!
KAFF

ITS AFFECTING ME STRANGELY--- I.. I..
.I'M GROWING
KAFF
WHAT AN EXTRAORDINARY ILLUSION!
HEH! I'M BIGGER THAN A WHOLE CITY BLOCK!
AH! THAT YELLOW DEVIL!
KAFF
KAFF
WE'LL DRY OFF IN YOUR STUDY PETRIE!
RUINED YOUR RUG DIDN'T WE?
PETRIE, THE DR'S. ORGANIZATION IS SO VAST AND SO FAR-REACHING THAT ITS EXTENT IS BEYOND IMAGINING!
KAFF!
GOOD PONG! EVEN THE ASHTRAY!
PETRIE! WHY DON'T YOU GO FIX US A SNACK?
KAFF
GO AHEAD INTO THE KITCHEN I'LL SIT HERE AND THINK!
KAFF


?
WHEW
CLICK
@*!!@★!!


Meanwhile....
AH!.. HAVE MUCH SPORT WITH TRAPDOORS.
BUT HAVE MANY TRICK REMAINING!
PLEASE TO WATCH THIS ONE!
!
PETRIE—FU CHIN CHOW WON'T COME TO US— WE MUST GO TO HIM!
HOW?
WE MUST GIVE HIM EVERY OPORTUNITY TO CAPTURE US.....
I THOUGHT SO! RIGHT IN YOUR STUDY! ANOTHER OF THAT ORIENTAL FIEND'S DASTARDLY DEVICES!
HAVE A CARE
NO NO! THAT'S THE POINT---- THIS TIME I'LL BE READY FOR THAT.....
YELLOW MENACE!
CRASH!


WE ARE BUT CHILDREN COMPARED TO THAT YELLOW FIEND!
..PUTTY IN THE HANDS OF A WARPED, MASTER SCULPTOR...
.... CHISELING AWAY AT THE SECURITY OF THE WHITE WORLD...
?
...THE VERY FOUNDATION OF A CHRISTIAN FUTURE...
BOP
SPLASH
WELL, I WONDER IF WE'VE SEEN THE LAST OF THAT DEVIL!
PERHAPS, DR. PETRIE... WE CAN NEVER BE SURE!

the end

This was written and sketched on Nov. 20 1960. It was done and is now re-done out of respect for Mr. Rohmer's novels which I sincerely enjoyed but with which I felt like having fun. I hope you had fun too!

Now

Have a fiendish oriental time

and look out for trap-doors!

pax

Jack Staughton FJ

REVENGE À LA MODE

by Vincent J. Miranda

[Editor's note: Mr. Miranda, a correspondent and subscriber, had been very helpful in sending information and illustrations for the Review, and had unfortunately been repaid with one of the editor's periodic lapses in correspondence---preparation of the Review is not the only thing that gets delayed around here. The editor finally answered Mr. Miranda's latest letter, apologizing for the delay and expressing the hope that Mr. Miranda had not been contemplating any sort of insidious revenge for the long silence. What follows was the reply.]

The angry response which you had expected was indeed my intent, but certain difficulties arose. First of all, my method of retaliation had to be one of the good Doctor's classics; nothing else would have been appropriate. Economy was also of prime importance. The expense of importing hamadryad venom being prohibitive, I found it necessary to consider local poisons. Thus I found myself for some two weeks staggering from storm-drain to hollowed-out log to abandoned crawlspace, gathering spiders, scorpions, centipedes and other small helpers from which to distill the venom with which to do you in. Throughout this period, major portions of my anatomy became swollen and discolored from the bites of the accumulated nasties, and the second week was completed in a constant state of delirium. When I was finally able to distill this nameless concoction, my wife found the results in an old coffee pot on the stove; thinking it was nothing but one of my poor attempts at brewing coffee (I try to hide my "other side" from her), she threw it out.

I was not about to go through those two weeks again, so I cast about for a new plot. Very soon I was climbing a nearby tree, the family cat protesting loudly from inside a box clumsily tucked under one arm. The cat, with claws marinated in a suitable (commercial) poison, was to be dropped on the victim's head as he passed under the tree. But first I had to test the procedure. Little did I suspect that our cat had an intense fear of heights. No sooner had I opened the box than the beast performed one of those charming feline somersaults and sank all four claws into my arm. Fortunately I had not thought it necessary to include the poison on this test.

The resulting cat fever kept me abed for only fifteen days.

Two plans having come to naught, I determined to recruit and train an organization of my own. I placed a newspaper advertisement for assorted villainous types, envisioning Thugs and Dacoits applying by the droves. Instead I got a couple of scruffy characters who continually addressed me as "Hey, man" and returned at midnight to relieve me of the family television and stereo set.

Not one to surrender gracefully, I began to practice with thin strangling wire. My initial efforts had the immediate benefit of eliminating several of the neighborhood canines who had made life uncomfortable for our cat. From this, it was but a short step to testing the procedure on a human victim. For several evenings I observed and evaluated my neighbors, assigning an "annoyance factor" to each and ranking them in order. The field was then narrowed to the top three names on the list.

And here was the next obstacle: air conditioning. Two of the potential guinea-pigs had central air-conditioning, and seldom if ever opened their windows. The third, and fortunately the most obnoxious on the list, had an exterior unit in his window. This I quickly disabled. That night I lurked on the roof above the window, wire in hand, forming it into a cunning and death-dealing loop. The window was open. Suddenly I heard footsteps approaching the window, and prepared myself. But I realized that there were two sets of footsteps: it was not only my prospective victim but also his wife. From my all-too-near vantage point I was once again exposed to one of the loud and interminable squabbles with which they frequently regaled the neighborhood. Finally, as usually happened, there was the slam of a door. His wife stalked down the sidewalk (her mother lived in the next block), and my victim leaned out the window, shouting invective.

I sprang into action, expertly deploying the noose. But I was just a fraction of a second too late. My victim, having had the last word, withdrew his head and slammed the window. The noose caught on an awning hook, jerking me off balance and precipitating me head-first into the giant mutated rosebushes below.

I staggered away under the incredulous stares of both husband and wife, mumbling something about looking for my cat, and bleeding from a large number of scratches and punctures.

This was the end of my attempted vendetta. Your letter arrived in the mail only three days after the pain and stiffness began to go away. Besides, I had come to doubt my ability to emulate the techniques of the Devil Doctor.

DON'T FOOL WITH FU MANCHU HIT RECORD FOR TEENS

The hit single record by the ROCKIN' RAMRODS called "Don't Fool with Fu Manchu" on the Claridge Record Label #CR301 sets the stage for a Fu Manchu Dance Contest to be held in your lobby. A tie-in with your local record shop could help generate excitement in your town. Hire two professional dancers to teach your patrons how to do the "FU MANCHU."

ORDER RECORDS FROM LOCAL RECORD STORE

Pictured above is one of the outre promotional ideas included in the press-book for the film THE FACE OF FU MANCHU. Other suggested schemes included the "Fu Manchu for Mayor" campaign and a "fortune cookie contest". See also p. 32.

[Copy supplied by Stephen Shutt.]

Because of the long period between issues of the *Review*, some of the "news" reported here is rather old-hat. Nonetheless, it is recorded for the sake of completeness.

Freeway Press was mentioned in issue #12 as the publisher of an abridged (and unauthorized) paperback reprint of *THE ROMANCE OF SORCERY*. The same company subsequently issued an (equally unauthorized) edition of Sax Rohmer's *TALES OF SECRET EGYPT* (#FP 2054, Sep 1974, $1.50), the first known appearance of this title in paperback form. The cover design is one of the more peculiar to appear on a Rohmer book: against a background of desert and pyramids hovers a large female statue with the head of a male lion, holding a modern sub-machine gun in its arms. Shortly after the publication of this book, Freeway Press ceased operations. Most of the company's books---the two Rohmer reprints, three Operator 5 pulp novels from the 1930s, a series of Kung-Fu novels, assorted "political fiction" and books on the occult---are now unavailable, except for copies that might remain in the stocks of paperback stores or specialist dealers. [See also Ed Lauterbach's letter on page 31 of this issue for comment on another Freeway Press book.]

There is reported to be another reprint of *THE ROMANCE OF SORCERY*, this one from Finch Press of Ann Arbor, Michigan. Whether this edition actually exists may remain a mystery, since an attempt to obtain a copy brought the response that Finch Press "has gone out of business [and] will no longer accept or fulfull orders". [Thanks to J. Randolph Cox for this information.]

Pyramid Books, publishers of the paperback editions of the Fu Manchu novels and other Rohmer titles, plans to reissue the Fu Manchu series. Two titles are scheduled for release in December 1975, and thereafter one title a month throughout 1976. No information on the order of release, format, or price is available as yet. [Thanks to Oliver G. Swan of the Julian Bach Literary Agency for this information.]

The Aspen Press [P.O. Box 4119, Boulder, Colorado 80302] continues its active publishing schedule. *THE ADVENTURE OF THE PEERLESS PEER* by Philip Jose Farmer (Nov 1974, 112 pages, hardbound, $5.50) is a wild and woolly burlesque which brings together Holmes, Watson, Tarzan, and assorted pulp heroes in World War I Africa. The edition is close to being out of print; if copies are no longer available from the publisher, try one of the specialist dealers in sf/fantasy. The latest Aspen title is *THE ADVENTURES OF PICKLOCK HOLES* by R. C. Lehmann (30 Apr 1975, 64 pages; softbound $5.00, hardbound $10.00), a Sherlockian parody cycle which appeared originally in *Punch* in 1893. The slim chapbook includes the original *Punch* illustrations, plus an informative introduction by Tom and Enid Schantz and a cover design by Hank Hinton.

[continued on inside back cover]

Letters

From STEPHEN SHUTT, Havre de Grace, Maryland:

Issue #12 was attractively laid out, as usual. A special compliment on your arrangement and editing of my rough prose piece on the witch-queens. It came to me recently that there could have been an additional quotation from "The Treasure of Taia" which would have served as a bit of extra reinforcement for my theories. The sentence in question is casually thrown out, and escaped my attention until I recently re-read the story.

> "Something, sombre, a new fascination, had come into the woman's silver voice. The moon poured its radiance quenchingly upon the flaming figure of this strange woman who warned him to beware of a sorceress *dead twelve hundred years before the dawn of Christianity*."
>
> (THE WRATH OF FU MANCHU, p. 185; italics mine)

It is sufficient to record that the death of Taia II---the wife-concubine of Rameses III---supposedly occurred *circa* 1200 B.C. While it is generally true, as Cay Van Ash once remarked, that Rohmer held back some of his knowledge from his readers, in this case at least he left a few clues lying about, and it is possible to reach a definite conclusion regarding the identity of "Princess" Taia.

A correction must be made in my Tiye notes. It is wise that I described Pentawares's death by live burial as an "ancient tradition", since that may be all it is! In Wallis Budge's treatise EGYPTIAN MAGIC, an account is given of the so-called harem conspiracy at the court of Rameses III, as an example of the use of sympathetic magic in ancient Egypt. The following quote from the Papyrus Harris is appended with others in the course of the story:

> "Pentaura [i.e., Pentawares], who is also called by another name. He was brought up on account of the offence which he had committed in connexion with his mother Thi [i.e., Tiye or Taia] when she formed a conspiracy with the women of the Per-khent [harem], and because he had intent to do evil unto his lord. He was brought before the court of judges that he might receive sentence, and they found him guilty, and dismissed him to his own death, where he suffered death by his own hand."
>
> (p. 76, Dover edition)

So Pentawares committed suicide, and was not consigned to the horror of the "Nameless Death". But the Papyrus Harris was a legal document; it was the official court record---and it is not unheard of for official records to conceal rather than reveal the truth...

While looking through THE AMERICAN MOVIES (a fantastic volume for anyone with the slightest interest in films and their history) I came across an item which I had not seen recorded before. You know of the three Warner Oland Fu Manchu films made by Paramount in 1929-31. Well, it seems that Oland exhibited his characterization of Fu Manchu a fourth time: in 1929, in a film titled *Paramount on Parade*, one of those everyone-but-the-kitchen-sink revues so popular in those days. Subsequently I found another reference to this film in an article, "Paramount: The Fantasy Years---1929-1939" in the magazine *Gore Creatures #22* [an excellent magazine, one of the best fantasy film magazines I've seen; $1.25 a copy from Gary J. Svehla, 5906 Kavon Avenue, Baltimore, Maryland 21206]:

> "Oland did a comic cameo as Fu Manchu for Paramount's 1929 Technicolor-tinted extravaganza *Paramount on Parade*. Coupled in a satiric murder mystery sequence with Sherlock Holmes (Clive Brook) and Philo Vance (William Powell), confessed killer Fu Manchu is impelled to shoot the astute detectives in order to convince them that he is a real murderer!"

[Editor's note: the Fu/Holmes/Vance skit in *Paramount on Parade* is also described in William K. Everson's book THE DETECTIVE IN FILM, Citadel Press 1972, page 12:

> "That same year [1929] Clive Brook made a second appearance as Holmes in the studio's contribution to the all-star musical revue cycle, *Paramount on Parade*. The Holmes skit introduced three of Paramount's leading stars and characters---Brook as Holmes, William Powell as Philo Vance, Warner Oland as Fu Manchu---and, after some informal off-screen banter, let them loose in a wild-and-woolly satire of their own specialties, with all three killed off one by one by a mysterious assailant. (This is a minor historic footnote, since it represents the only time that Holmes died on screen!) It was all rather arch and not as funny as its writers and players thought it was, but it did have pace and a feeling of spontaneity and the atmospheric set was quite impressive. Coming very early in the film, it remained a highlight in a musical revue that was rather better and more spirited then the competitive entries from Warner's, Fox and MGM.]

A propos of Warner Oland, you may be interested to know of another reference to Fu Manchu in one of his Charlie Chan films. In *Charlie Chan in Shanghai* Oland is singing an old Chinese melody to his children about Princess Ming Lo Fu, which in one verse has a reference to Emperor Fu Manchu... .

Recently I had the opportunity to see on TV the last Towers Fu film, *The Castle of Fu Manchu*. Reports of its *kitsch*ness have not been exaggerated. I noticed a couple of things which Messrs. Lofts

and Steinbrunner did not report on [TRR #9 and #11]. For one thing the opening iceberg sequence, praised by Mr. Lofts, was actually lifted in part from the last reel of *The Brides of Fu Manchu*. Almost all of the scenes of Fu Manchu and Lin Tang in this sequence were taken from the earlier film---edited, dubbed, and intercut with new scenes at sea. There is a discrepancy, however, which Towers forgot to compensate for in the obviously hastily written script. After making it apparent that the metamorphosis from water to ice is caused by rays, Towers then has the secret become, for the rest of the film, a chemical additive which causes the molecular structure of water to alter from the amorphous to the crystalline form. (He must have read Kurt Vonnegut's CAT'S CRADLE.)

Regarding parodies of Fu Manchu, I have turned up a fairly interesting one on radio. This is the British radio series *Round the Horne*, which from all evidence was first broadcast in the mid-to-late 60s and is only now beginning to be syndicated in this country. Most of the episodes in circulation feature a James Bond spoof entitled something like "The Adventures of Kenneth Horne, Master Spy". The star of the program, Kenneth Horne, is really a straight-man to the gallery of grotesques portrayed by such actors as Kenneth Williams and Betty Marsden. The segment of interest here concerns the interminable efforts of evil, insidious Oriental mastermind Dr. Ch'u En-Ginsberg ("M.A., failed") to topple the Caucasian race from its position of supremacy and rule the world. (Sounds familiar, no?) These efforts are opposed by Thorne, who works for a world intelligence agency run by one Brown Horrocks. Dr. Ch'u himself is a strange character, portrayed by Kenneth Williams in a high, nasal, rather bad Chinese impersonation, which has to be heard to be believed. Ch'u has a supposedly beauteous concubine named Lotus Blossom (played by a Cockney basso profundo named Bill Pertwee), upon whom he lavishes the most ridiculous names: "Ah! My flower! My little bamboo-shoot! My Tsai-double-Chin!" (The last reference is of particular interest.) Here is a small sample of this very curious spoof:

> HORNE (narrating): Soon, I came to a small clearing in the jungle. There stood a rude hut. Outside squatted a native carving a rude figure. I spoke to him. He made a rude gesture in the direction of the hut. I knocked on the door.
> CH'U: Come in! Ah! Ah, Mr. Horne!
> HORNE: Ah, Ch'u! Well?
> CH'U: Ah, so you have discovered my plan, namely, to send up giant rockets filled with three hundred tons of cold porridge, which I shall then explode all over the world!
> HORNE: But why, why?
> CH'U: What else can you do with three hundred tons of cold porridge?
> HORNE: You'll never get away with it! Take that!
> CH'U: All right, you've won! But you haven't heard the last of Doctor Ch'u En-Ginsberg, M.A., failed! Goodbye!

Recently I acquired all of the *Shadow of Fu Manchu* radio episodes (#1-39) through various dealers. It is fairly obvious that the programs were hastily done: many sound effects are lacking, and the scripts rely heavily on stock phrases and reactions. Still, the programs are enjoyable adaptations, and ertainly the most accurate ones that I know of. One interesting point: in the story "The Call of Siva" Dr. Fu-Manchu denies all association with "the futility of the Young China movement". In the radio script he is made to say, "I have nothing to do with China, Mr. Smith; remember that." And all subsequent references to China in the book are replaced by the terms "Orient" or "East" in the scripts. Later, in the episode of "The Silver Buddha", the name of the antique dealer was changed from Salaman to Nichiko, and the shop was tended by an inscutable Japanese.

From one of the dealers I obtained the names of the main performers, and these seem to match with the voices:

Dr. Fu Manchu . . . . . Harold Huber
Nayland Smith . . . . . Hanley Stafford
Dr. Petrie . . . . . Gale Gordon.

It would be interesting to know the names of the players in supporting roles such as Karamaneh and Weymouth. [I]

From BOB MENDELSON, Flushing, N.Y.:

Just took a look at your issue #12. What Ray Stanich omitted in his mention of the 1939 radio serial *The Shadow of Fu Manchu* is that virtually all copies of this 39-episode masterpiece in circulation are in extremely poor sound---a fact that tends the pocketbook toward bankruptcy as one purchases reel after reel in an effort to find comfortable audio quality. One blessed exception (discovered after a painful and frustrating search) is the 2-reel set sold by Huckleberry Designs (235 West 76th Street, New York, N.Y. 10023). Other than a modest amount of crackle the sound is good and clear. The reels are mounted with leader tape at both ends, and a tape arrester is included. The latter two items, perhaps unimportant in themselves, testify to a concern for the customer which I find refreshingly bizarre in these parlous times! Cost is $24.00, or about $2.40 an hour for some splendid entertainment. [I]

Further information is at hand from John Gatto, proprietor of Huckleberry Designs. In addition to the open-reel version just described, the Fu Manchu radio serial is available on seven C-90 cassettes (Dolbyized) at a cost of $38.00. The higher price is due to the higher cost of raw stock and the much longer amount of recordist's time needed to make the copies.

From JAMES WADE, Seoul, Korea:

I've been experimenting with a new form which I call the Double-Barrelled Limerick; at least, if it isn't new, I never saw it that I recall, and have hereby re-invented it. Here is a sample:

That unfortunate fiend Fu Manchu
Toiled vainly, the worst he could do:
His dim-witted foemen
He melted like snowmen:
It's plain that Sir Denis
Was never the menace
That threw poor old Fu in a stew.

I have two macabre stories coming out this year, one in the Lovecraft style in a book called THE DISCIPLES OF CTHULHU, the other a Mod ghost story set in an old museum that I used to visit on Chicago's South Side, long gone (the South Side *and* the museum). The latter is pretty Baroque; it is to appear only in England so far, in a volume from Corgi called THE SATYR'S HEAD AND OTHER TALES.

From DOUGLAS A. ROSSMAN, Baton Rouge, Louisiana:

TRR #12 was an interesting issue. I particularly enjoyed the witch-queen article (BROOD has long been one of my favorite Rohmer books) and the Smith letters (I'd almost forgotten about them).

You should see my office...two tarantulas, a large fishing spider, and a 9-inch black-and-orange centipede. They consume quite a few crickets each week! Do you wonder that few of the freshmen who find my office in the depths of the catacombs ever return for a second visit? (Some say they are never seen again!)

From JACK GAUGHAN:

In Henry C. Pitz (the illustrator)'s book PEN, BRUSH AND INK there is a John Clement Coll drawing called "unpublished", which seems very much a Rohmer illustration. It faces page 1.

You might check the DAW book cover for the paperback THE GENETIC BUCCANEER---there's a fellow who looks suspiciously like Dr. Fu in the background... .

[As most readers will know, John Clement Coll illustrated the original magazine serial versions of the first three Fu Manchu books, in *Collier's*, 1913-17. He also illustrated the serial version of FIRE-TONGUE, and contributed a frontispiece to the hard-cover editions.]

From EDWARD S. LAUTERBACH, West Lafayette, Indiana:

As all readers of TRR know, the influence of Sax Rohmer pervades the twentieth century in strange and fascinating ways. The latest example of this occurs on the cover of the paperback reprint

of the Operator 5 pulp novel THE YELLOW SCOURGE (Freeway Press 1974). To depict the "Yellow Peril" of the story, cover artist George Gross painted in the background a large, sinister Oriental head taken directly from Boris Karloff's characterization of Dr. Fu Manchu in the 1932 MGM motion picture *The Mask of Fu Manchu*. (Compare the photo in TRR #3, page 27.) What better way could he find to convey the feeling of Oriental menace than to copy the features of the most famous interpreter of Rohmer's most famous character?

From J. RANDOLPH COX, Northfield, Minnesota:

With reference to John Dinan's article about Mr. Chang in TRR #12: there are more than nine stories about Mr. Chang by A. E. Apple. The series was a popular one in Street & Smith's *Detective Story Magazine* in the 1920s. I skimmed through a few of the stories while searching for Nick Carter stories in that publication once. From what I could tell, the earlier stories must have been in a more fantastic and melodramatic vein than those Mr. Dinan read in *Best Detective*. At one point Dr. Ling actually captured Mr. Chang and sent him back to China in a cage. The series was interrupted with a story in which Mr. Chang was supposed to have died. Some readers wanted him back, others expressed their disinterest rather strongly. Eventually he was returned in a second series in which he was teamed with some of Mr. Apple's other series characters, such as Rafferty. Some of the Mr. Chang stories were published as books by Street & Smith's book publishing department, Chelsea Publications.

CHINESE MEAL AND A MOVIE

Tie-in with a local Chinese restaurant so that you can place table tents in their establishments. Also, a fortune cookie contest can be run with the winners in each restaurant who find the lucky fortune cookie receiving free passes to "THE FACE OF FU MANCHU."

See also p. 25.

The Pontine Press [Box 261, Culver City, California 90230], operated by Luther Norris, has released another item of interest to Sherlockians: *THE NON-CANONICAL SHERLOCK HOLMES*. This is a selection of Holmes pastiches, assembled and edited by Luther Norris, with an introduction by Julian Wolff (editor of *The Baker Street Journal*) and nine fine illustrations by Frank D. McSherry Jr. (many of them reproduced in much too small a size). The stories are "The Adventure of Miss Stephanie Ray" by David Francis Curran, "The Adventure of Colonel Warburton's Madness" by Daniel Masloski, and "The Adventure of the Addleton Tragedy" by Herbert Eaton. All are well done, the middle one---an account of Holmes's encounter with a werewolf (more or less)---especially so. No price is listed for this 48-page chapbook; try the standard Pontine charge of $4.00 per copy.

For many years, beginning in 1962, a panel art ("comic strip") adaptation of the Fu Manchu novels ran daily in the French paper *Le Parisien Libéré*. The continuity, which was very faithful to the original novels, was by Juliette Benzoni and the artwork by the well known French *dessinateur*, Robert Bressy. Now Librairie Hachette, in its "bande chamois" series, has released the first volume in a hardcover reprint of the Fu Manchu strip, under the title *DR. FU-MANCHU: Le Maître du Monde*. The album, measuring 22.4 x 29.7 cm, bound in pictorial boards, contains the first 156 daily strips, carrying the story up to the middle of Chapter XVI of *THE INSIDIOUS DR. FU-MANCHU*. Readers who have access to a foreign language bookstore may be able to obtain the book through such a source; in format it is identical to the French language volumes of *Tintin* and *Asterix*.

To every reader's attention I commend *Xenophile* [P. O. Box 9660, St. Louis, Missouri 63122], edited and published by Nils Hardin. Described as "a monthly advertiser and journal devoted to the collecting, preservation and enjoyment of Escapist Literature in its many forms", it is one of the most interesting and most useful of current publications. It is an excellent forum in which to advertise, whether you are listing wanted books or attempting to dispose of duplicates. In addition, it features interesting articles and illustrations on pulp magazines, mystery fiction, science fiction, and other topics. Sample copy, $1.00; subscription, $6.00/year in U.S. and Canada.

And finally, we have Ron Goulart's *THE ADVENTUROUS DECADE*, just published by Arlington House. This is a history of the adventure comic strips of the 1930s. The book is informal, informative, and profusely illustrated. One paragraph on page 87 concerns the 1932 Fu Manchu strip by Leo O'Mealia, and one of the daily strips is reproduced on page 88 (with two of the panel captions omitted, for some unknown reason). List price is $8.95; available at a lower price by joining the Nostalgia Book Club, which also still has Ron's *CHEAP THRILLS*, a history of pulp magazines, in stock. [Club address: 165 Huguenot Street, New Rochelle, New York 10801.]

THE ROHMER REVIEW No. 13 August 1975

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Cartoon on page 10 by Jim Jones

Cover by Mike Vosburg

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